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# The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

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## OUR MISSION—ITS AUTHORITY.

*By Jessie Evans.*

THE ministry of Jesus, as recorded in the four gospels, is acknowledged universally to be the guide and pattern for the entire Christian world to-day; it has been the stake to the martyrs of old; and we believe that it will ever be the formula, by which all the difficulties which beset humanity may be wisely and peacefully adjusted.

This, then, should be our primary study, as professed disciples of Christ. Much in the memoirs of Jesus impresses us concerning his love, his sympathy, his tenderness for the children, his forgiveness, and his charity; but there are sterner qualities, too, in the character of Jesus, which should not be lightly passed over by the student of Christian biology.

Let us pause for a moment, and with careful scrutiny mark the bearing of our Savior, when surrounded by the haughty Scribes and Pharisees. He has just left the presence of the feeble, the halt, the leper, the blind; at his bidding the deaf ears catch the music of his loving voice, and at his gentle touch the unclean spirit, reminded of its legitimate place, instantly seeks it. In the hearts of the proud Pharisees rises the thought: "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren \* \* \* and his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?"

The stilled tempest, the resurrected Lazarus, the liberated ones who were but lately so grievously afflicted, are not accounted for on these lines. Nay, the spiritual mission of the Christ is as distinct from the personality of Jesus

as is heaven from earth; yet how perfectly the heavenly manipulated the earthly in his case! Ah, herein lies the secret of success! "If a house be divided against itself, that house can not stand," he said to his followers. With the majority of so-called Christians to-day, the trouble comes from this division. Conscience demands what the physical refuses to express—hence the discords, the failures, the sufferings, so world-wide.

The ties of consanguinity should lay no bias upon the soul. He who preached that eloquent sermon on the Mount was not the "carpenter's son." Long years after the carpenter first claimed him as son, came the voice of the Divine, which said, "This is *my* beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." After this spiritual relationship was established, Jesus ignored the plane of nature, not as an evil, but as a stage from which he had risen, as a bud forgotten in the full blossom, as the home nest to the bird that has plumed its wings and taken its flight into the broad heavens of God's watchful provident care. He had been "born again." Henceforth his parentage was in God; his brotherhood, man; and this admitted no circumscribed ministrations. "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."

They who judged from nature's stand-point reiterated the inquiry: "Is not this the carpenter's son? From whence hath this man these things? And what wisdom is this which is given unto him?"

Enumerating the physical relatives of the messenger, however, far from answering the questions, only added doubt to doubt concerning the spiritual message, with which the soul of Jesus was burdened; but they who were spiritually awakened, when asked by the Savior who he was, replied, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God," and divine commendation sealed the truth.

All through the career of Jesus the line is distinctly drawn by him, disassociating the workman from the work. When the tribute money was discussed, how wise was the reply: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." The human, in obedience to human law, must yield its own, but the spirit—"against such there is no law." "Though ye believe not me (the workman) believe the works."

Among the sayings of Jesus, little may be traced to merely human origin; when the physical gave utterance, how instantly were the words modified by the superior! Even in the fearful agony of Gethsemane, when the human pleaded: "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me," unhesitatingly followed the spirit voice, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

In contemplation of this sublime phase of the Christ character, the questioning arises, Are not we, as avowed disciples of the Savior, oftentimes satisfied to see as "through a glass darkly?" Do we not, as Believers in this Christian authority, too often confound the human with the spiritual? As

the Christ matured, Jesus as a physical existence became less and less prominent, as the "carpenter's son" was lost to view in the multitudes which flocked to hear, how distinctly rose the Christ tones in that sermon of sermons upon the Mount!

The sacred Covenant which we have subscribed, is something more than a legal compact. The Virgin Church is not a Shaker village, however perfectly the material environments may be adjusted. However low and mean we, as workmen, may be when compared with the "carpenter's son"—the fruit of obedience to nature's law—our faith, our covenant, our call from the resurrection heavens, bind us to the self-same *spiritual* mission, which actuated the life forces of Him, who said, "I and my Father are one."

The walls of our material homes will crumble as dust to dust, but what of the mission entrusted to us? Any individual or community, whose life currents move in parallel lines with the example and testimony of our Savior, is successful in every sense of the word and at every bend of the way. The individual may be boycotted by his associates, but it is "for my sake and the gospel's" and bitter becomes sweet in the assurance. The community may be reduced in physical membership—is gold of less value because it loses bulk by the subtraction of the dross? Is wheat the worse for the removal of the chaff?

Our persecutions as a people have done us good—they have taught us and brought us precious humility. Our seeming enemies, in passing from our midst, have proved friends in disguise. Their vituperations have revealed pungent truths, perhaps unwelcome truths, which our several Communities have been wise enough and brave enough, thank God, to embrace. In the time of Jesus, the "love of many waxed cold," but the Christian truth gathered followers enough to perpetuate the testimony, which will live despite persecution and obstacles of every name and nature.

There are no dying qualities in the essence of the Savior's mission, there are no short-lived phrases in the testimony of eternal truth. We are bound, by our Covenant, as assignees of our suffering founders, to be the "salt of the earth;" we hold in the grasp of our consecrated wills "the pearl of great price." With the unobtrusive yet unflinching authority of the Christ, may we hold our rightful place among the churches of this land! The silver lining of divine goodness gleams through the ebon cloud; God's workings are deep, his designs for us are as yet unfulfilled. Our holy faith, as perfect as God is perfect, will yet be coupled with works, which will attract and convince the whole world of our sincerity; then though they believe not in us, yet the purity of our work shall lead them to glorify God. This is our mission; who will be the missionaries?

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

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DUTY faithfully performed opens the mind to truth.



## SAVIORS.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

*"Saviors shall come upon Mount Zion to judge the Mount of Esau, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's."*

"I AM, I'm your Savior, your friend and protector,  
I guard o'er my chosen with peculiar care;  
So fear not, beloved, I'll guide you from danger  
And thou of my blessing may most freely share.  
When deep tribulation like a flood is descending,  
And sorrow like waves of the ocean doth roll,  
In the depth of affliction rely on my power,  
And I will preserve you safe from all harm."

Who is the Savior that thus promises safety and consolation, and who is the party addressed? Doubtless it was first given to an individual sufferer for Christ's sake, but it stands equally good for every true disciple of the lowly Nazarene. The party speaking is evidently some one thoroughly identified with the Spirit of Truth, which is the real Savior. Nothing but the Spirit of Truth can induce free rational beings to sacrifice their own lives and individual interests in a straightforward, persistent, unselfish effort to save and benefit others.

It is true that individuals impelled by natural impulse, or sympathy, or love of glory, have sacrificed their physical lives, for a friend, for their country, for honor, ambition, affection or hate, but when such motives are traced to their origin, we believe they will be found in part or wholly selfish. But the spirit which puts by its own will and pleasure to serve not a narrow circle of related individuals, but many, regardless of flesh and blood ties, in a life-long devotion to their highest good, is of divine origin, and is divine.

We have the first and chief example of this in Jesus of Nazareth, who rejected the will of his natural, inferior self, that he might make it his pleasure to do the will of his Father in this respect. The Father loveth me, he says, because I lay down my life for the sheep. His giving his life a ransom for many, did not consist in his death on Calvary—but was given all along in serving, and in the daily cross which he bore for his disciples' sake. Since his time, he has had many imitators, imbued with the same spirit, and making the same sacrifices of self to carry on the good work by him begun. He said, He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father. What does the term, *greater works*, here signify? It means the growth and increase of the work, which in him was only in embryo, to its mature, fruit-bearing culmination in organized communities of consecrated individuals.

There were twelve Apostles, concerning whom, we have the fullest record, by Paul. It is a record which shows him to be a worthy disciple of him who said, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Paul gave his life for the



sheep, in the same manner as did Jesus, altho he received his gospel by revelation, after Jesus had entered the Eternal World. If Paul, or any other disciple did greater works than Jesus did, either they were not recorded, or they were not of the kind commonly supposed to be miraculous.

If Jesus was the truth, his Apostles were the truth. For he, or the spirit in him, was the vine, and they, or the spirit in them, was the branches all of one substance and mutual supports to each other and so the branches continued to grow one upon another in regular succession, so long as he had any followers by the daily cross of self-denial.

After this cross ceased to be borne among those claiming Christ's name and authority, then came the night which Jesus foretold. Walk while the light is with you, for the night cometh, wherein no man can work, the works of God as he had taught them. This period is known in history as the dark ages, because mankind in those parts of the world which claimed the greatest enlightenment, were so ignorant, so barbarous, savage, lawless and corrupt, contentious and vile, as to distinguish the period between five hundred and one thousand five hundred after Christ, in the eyes even of natural men, from the ages before and since, for its unparalleled brutishness and depravity of conduct.

At the close of this distressful period, the Spirit of Life from God, descended again to mortals, (Rev. xi., 11) and the character and title of Savior was revived in Mother Ann, into whom the Spirit of Truth entered to abide. That living Branch of Righteousness which was raised up in her, has put forth other branches that have borne fruit and the succession of branches has been maintained through Apostles to the present time. The life of the Savior is still given, inasmuch as they manifest his spirit of self-sacrifice for the welfare of the body, to all the members who are walking in his steps.

We know we have this power, because by it we have been raised from the death of nature and nature's darkness, to life and light and victory over the world. And this is the time we read of in the Prophets,—“Behold the days come saith the Lord, that I will perform the good word which I have spoken concerning the house of Israel and the house of Judah. In those days and at that time, will I cause a Branch of Righteousness to grow up unto David, and he shall execute Judgment and Righteousness in the land. In those days shall Judah be saved and Jerusalem shall dwell safely. And this is the name whereby she shall be called the Lord our Righteousness.”—Jer. xxxiii. And so it is. David means beloved; Judah means praise. This Branch grows up to the Lord's beloved ones, and He is their Savior, operating through mortal instruments, who have dedicated themselves to praise Him in this service.

In Christ's first appearing, this Branch was raised up only in the male order, as proved by the male officered church, which claims to be the continuation, and sole heir of the inheritance left by the Primitive Christians. Woman

has been entirely excluded from having any voice in her councils and assemblies for worship, hence the miserable plaint that follows the Prophets description of the Branch of which it is said,—“He shall be called The Lord Our Righteousness.”—Jer. xxiii. This plaint of the Prophet, applies to the church of Antichrist, which ruled after the apostacy from the primitive faith and the cross of Christ, till the time of Christ’s second appearing, or for about one thousand three hundred years.

After this, the Lord again caused a Branch of Righteousness to grow up unto David and to execute judgment and righteousness in the land. As the only fit sequel and support to the first, this Branch came forth to visibility through Woman,—“For this is the name wherewith SHE shall be called, the Lord our Righteousness.”—Jer. xxxiii., 15, 16.

This Branch being now established alike in both parts of manhood, the counsel of peace is between them, and there is no longer any complaint of dereliction from duty, nor of deviation from righteous rectitude and equity and brotherly and sisterly love, but an affirmation of Jehovah, strong as the ordinances of heaven and earth and the covenant between day and night, that the seed of this union plant shall be multiplied as the host of heaven and as the sand on the seashore for multitude, and prosperity shall attend them forever.

If Judah was saved and Jerusalem dwelt safely in the time of Christ’s first appearing, it must have been chiefly in a spiritual sense. Literal Judah and Jerusalem, were both under the dominion of foreigners. The nation was torn by factions who were saved from shedding each other’s blood, by the iron rule of Herod the Edomite, their hereditary enemy.

The Jerusalem alluded to, must be the “Jerusalem above, which is the Mother of us all,” and which is descending out of heaven, from God, for Mother’s children to inhabit, in the Dispensation of the Bride—the Dispensation especially of woman clothed with the Sun of divine righteousness and revelation; shedding abroad that light which makes the New Day perpetual wherever she abides. Compassing man, both masculine and feminine, with light and knowledge of eternal things. Undoubtedly, literal Judah and Jerusalem, what remains of them, when the justice and righteousness of the New Era shall become so expanded in operation as to recover their ancient heritage, will share in the general and mighty renovation.

But where on the inhabited earth, after one hundred and twenty years of prosperous growth of this Branch of Righteousness, can the praise of God, rising from hearts that are saved, that worship Him in the Spirit of Truth, and the Holy Jerusalem inhabited by gentle, peace-loving souls, dwell safely, but in this liberty-loving land of America, where freedom of conscience is guaranteed by the organic law of the Nation, and maintained by the power of God operating through enlightened public opinion? Can we see the hand of God in this, to fulfill the word spoken by the mouth of His Prophets, twen-

ty-five centuries ago. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see their God. The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped when they turn with their whole heart, to seek and to serve the Lord. "For in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance as the Lord has said and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."—Joel ii., 32.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

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## REMARKS MADE AT THE FUNERAL OF OUR SISTER,

### HARRIET HASTINGS.

*By Elder Abraham Perkins.*

MY acquaintance with our departed Sister has been that of many years. I learned of her life, her character and her principles, during my associations with her in the Ministerial Order. Whatever the circumstances and conditions which existed in our several Societies, requiring the counsel or judgment of the Ministry, I always found her seeking wisdom to enable her to do duty honorable to herself and as became a Christian leader and minister of our Church; that in a case coming before the Ministry for judgment, or before her as a member thereof, in a demand for a verdict, she might do justice and give no cause for suffering through selfishness, partiality or error on her part; that in results there should be no cause for accusation of injustice, and that Zion should not be dishonored by the weakness and acts of its officers.

The motto of her life was truth, justice and honesty,—loyalty to her Christian faith, to her Communal Covenant and covenantal relations, and just and honest dealings with all people, whether friends or foes.

The words of the Psalmist well apply to her life and character, truly demonstrating her trust, her readiness and willingness to be known and judged in the divine order of God, as portrayed in the Twenty-sixth Psalm,—

"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. Prove me, and judge me. Thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes. I have walked in thy truth. In innocency I washed my hands, so would I compass thine altar. I have loved the habitations of thine house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth. My foot stood in an even place. In the congregations, I bless the Lord." Thus may it be truthfully said of our departed Sister.

For many years she has been confined to her room under suffering. Disabled by infirmity of body, she was unfitted for active service, and deprived of many blessings pertaining to the social and spiritual relations of our Church, all of which she has borne with saintly patience. Realizing, as she did, that physical restoration was impossible, she had long desired a passport to that realm and haven for which she faithfully and unremittingly toiled for a fit

preparation, trusting to the welcome and embrace of friends who in this life had been with her as Christian laborers and co-workers.

With her I rejoice that her releasement has come,—that her reward is with her, and is such as we might all covet.

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

### IN THOUGHT OF MARCH.

*From Mary to Fannie.*

*By Mary Whitcher.*

AND who can help welcoming  
     Spring with its cheer?  
 The thought of a spring month,  
     Brings gladness more near.  
 And tho the rough winter  
     Holds light in its grasp  
 Every spring like appearance,  
     We see 'neath the mask  
 A beauty unfolding—  
     'Twill be ours in its day.  
 Its breath may be March,  
     But 'tis spring, same as May.  
 O how we love beauty,  
     And pleasure and joy,  
 Then why not let duty  
     Grasp all in employ?  
 It need not be March,  
     Or April or June,  
 But just as well winter,  
     December as soon.  
 If spring hath a place  
     In the heart and the mind,  
 The months need not vary—  
     Our spring life to find.  
 We'll ever keep youthful  
     And pleasant and gay,  
 For nothing that's truthful  
     Has blight or decay.  
 'Tis roses in winter,  
     All sunshine and noon,  
 For nothing can hinder  
     Uprightness to bloom.

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

*Remarks Made in Church Service, March 6, 1898.**By Eliza A. Stratton.*

WE read in the good Book,—“Make melody in your heart to the Lord.” How to do this is the precious thought of the morning, that has come with its brightness and freshness. Outward scenes indeed bring to our lips psalms of thankfulness and gratitude, but the Sabbath of Sabbaths which Believers may every day enjoy should, and does, draw forth unceasingly, melody which wells up in the soul, and will increase as all the keys of our being are touched by a sacred purpose that brings with its touch no discord.

The tones which make the purest and richest of melody are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. Would not these sounding through our thoughts, our actions and our words make beautiful melody unto the Lord, and perfect harmony with all of his children? Oh! a life of good service is the richest of melody!

*East Canterbury, N. H.*


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“THANK YOU.”

IT is a lamentable fact that the word of hearty thanks is express by so few people. How often is it that we show some one a courtesy, do some friend a favor, only to find it past unnoticed. The intention of the recipient to say “thank you” may be of the best, but the fact remains that it is not said. An intention is a very laudable thing, but when it remains an intention, and nothing more, it becomes the reverse of being laudable.

Too many intentions die with their conception. We mean well enough, no doubt. We say to ourselves, “I must thank So-and-So,” and our resolution is undoubtedly good. Then something transpires, the “thank you” is delayed, and what is the result? It is never said—or, if it is said, it is said so long after the time when it should have been that the saying has lost all its flavor and acceptance. And yet these delayed “thank you”s, these unexpressed thanks, this acceptance of courtesies, as our right, is fast becoming a fixt habit.

It was only a few days since that a physician was askt by a friend to grant him a favor. The favor was granted, and the next day came a note of thanks. “There,” said the physician to me, “that is the first time in thirty years of practice that I have ever received a note of thanks from a man to whom I have shown a favor. And yet in those thirty years I have given free advice, have lent my time and my services without pay to hundreds of people.”

“Odd, isn’t it, how people take as their due what they really have not the remotest right to ask or expect?” Exceptional experience? No, not at all. On the contrary, it is a most common one.—*Ladies’ Home Journal.*

## THE MANIFESTO.

APRIL, 1898.

## OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to  
HENRY C. BLINN,  
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## NOTES ABOUT HOME.

## Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

February.

## Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897. 26.5	$\frac{1}{4}$ in.	15.75 in.
1898. 29.5	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	23 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	50 above 0.	
Lowest " " "	" "	8 below "
Number of rainy days	" "	2
" " "snowy "	" "	7
" " "clear "	" "	8
" " "cloudy "	" "	11

March, 1898.

Lo! The winter is past with its cold chilling blast,  
With its storm bursts and blizzards distressing  
We hail the young Spring, for we're sure it  
will bring  
The musical birds, and to earth vernal dressing.

At the close of the day, February 28,

1898, we gave winter an obituary farewell. Its obsequies were performed with unalloyed pleasure. It is the only death that has taken place worthy of note, for more than three months

Health, a prime blessing, has been a boon companion attending us in the varied duties of life, through the past winter. It would be a unique innovation of the common methods of humanity, if there should not be any disturbance in the biliary secretions that would produce a complaint.

We strive to keep a watch over our spirits, that they do not become incurably diseased with malaria of indifference or any maleficence, so as to lose the divine protection of kind guardian spirits. It is the strife to keep alive our gospel faith; "The faults of all others to freely forgive, but never make peace with our own faults." The Church and North family hold meetings together on the Sabbath whenever the weather will permit. We know that our union is a bond of blessing.

Monday morning, Feb. 14, Elder Joseph Holden, Elderess Harriet Bullard, and Sister Emma Jane Neal started for Florida to visit Olive Branch to judge of its future prospects. They reserve their opinions until they return. They have commenced their homeward journey, and will stop in Georgia to view a part of the 46 square miles that the Union Village Community have purchased there.

"So we go, to and fro;  
While we tarry here below,  
But by and by we shall hie  
To a dwelling up on high."

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

March, 1898.

WE'RE always looking forward  
For something that's to be  
But the greatest yet to happen  
Is the Great Eternity.  
To-day we're looking forward  
For spring which is to come,  
When trees will be in blossom  
House-cleaning well begun.  
With gardens renovated  
To "blossom like the rose,"

And orchards pruned with neatness  
 Where finest fruitage grows,  
 When sidewalks will be minus  
 Of banks of ice and snow  
 When no more danger there will be  
 Of tumbling down, you know.  
 Our ice was nicely gathered  
 They say twelve inches thick,  
 Some was thirteen and a half  
 All solid as a brick.  
 It is the sixth of March to-day  
 And very much like spring,  
 Roads are good for sleighing yet  
 For sleigh-bells daily ring.  
 But birds outvie them with their songs,  
 We daily hear them sing.  
 We're glad to learn our editor  
 Still dwells upon this side  
 Of that mysterious river which  
 Is called the "Great Divide."  
 'Tis said no sickness there can come  
 If so it grand must be  
 To dwell apart from all that's ill  
 In that Eternity.  
 Now, kind editor, we hope  
 Some time you'll come this way,  
 And spend a few weeks at our home  
 When summer comes to stay.

*Genevieve DeGraw.*

### Shakers, N. Y.

March, 1898.

WE fully endorse the hope that our beloved editor may not long remain under the bonds of physical affliction, and that the blessed angel that cometh with healing in his wings will be a constant attendant; for there are none to spare, especially in the editorial line, for those who are able to compile a magazine so replete with good things, beneficial to the soul life of earth's pilgrims toiling on their upward journey as was the March number of THE MANIFESTO, must be sustained. This is not mere sentiment, but we believe the voicing of the honest feelings of its readers.

One more royal soul has joined the triumphant band. The name of Frances E. Willard rests like a blessed benediction

over the lives of those who are struggling to burst the fetters of that demoniac power,—the liquor traffic. As President of the International Temperance Union she won immortal laurels. May the mantle of her zeal and consecration rest upon those who are left to continue the battle she so nobly led!

March has commenced its record with a quiet demeanor that is not generally ascribed to its character. Hope it may continue, as we are ready to welcome the beautiful spring with its birds and flowers. Hot-beds are being prepared and the sowing of seed and its care will be the business to occupy the mind of your correspondent and his co-laborers.

*Hamilton DeGraw.*

### Enfield, N. H.

March, 1898.

FOR all to whose home the harse of transition called and bore from its shelter a loved one, we send a wreath of loving remembrance and fellow-sympathy. When we heard of the higher call of Frances Willard, we grieved, for we could not say it was well, as she had not reached the halting place of inability to benefit humanity.

Is not her life one of the best testimonials in favor of the Christ work of human elevation and the Christ-like spirit of purity and intelligence that graces our Nation's history of illustrious Christians? She is of those who knew that they must pursue the way in which they would lead others, and school themselves would they teach others how to devastate the wilderness of sin and gloom, and transform it into fruitful fields of active goodness and virtue.

As nature contains no useless forces, communities to be garlanded with the vine of success, can not. So we catch the echoes from nature's vast domain,—"Toil thou for the future; Tho hidden may be the structure you build by devotion and care, but if founded in virtue its worth will appear."

As we turn the telescope of mental sight upon the earth's surface, we see and hear



of "wars and rumors of wars," which remind us of our duty to do what we can to quell the storms of evil about us. As we poise it higher, we see the glorious sun and dome of white and blue, which teach us that the elements of heaven are life-giving; and as we put on a spiritual lens we perceive a glorified host of the redeemed, who sing,—*"Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God."*

Having lost the work of putting together the Corn Planters, an industry for many years carried on in this place, yet we lose not all profit, as through the successful manipulation of the trade machine operated by Brother John Cummings, we will supply the new company with the necessary lumber for their annual need.

It is a general verdict that this winter has been the worst experienced for ten years. The severity of the weather has not resulted in sickness among us, yet we rejoice that soon a carpet of green will have replaced the present one of white, and hoes and pruning knives will take the place of shovels and plumbing tools.

*George H. Baxter.*

### Narcoossee, Fla.

March, 1898.

AMONG the things which are of special value to the Southern states may be mentioned the Japan persimmon, of which we have several trees that will come into bearing this year. When ripe the fruit is of a scarlet red color and extremely luscious. It can be depended on as an every year crop, fully equal in bearing to any of our Northern apple trees.

In the way of diversity we think the fig comes next in value. This is a little more sensitive to the change of weather when young, but when fully matured it will stand the temperature below freezing. We have quite a number growing on our place.

With these we can number six grape fruit, twelve orange, six pear, six apricot, with three hundred peach trees.

This with two thousand pine-apple plants sums up the number of fruit-growing trees on our place.

Sweet potatoes all through the South have become the poor man's as well as the rich man's luxury, while Irish potatoes are as yet somewhat of a rarity and but very little grown on account of the small yield to the acre.

We have on our place ninety-two head of cattle both old and young stock of our own. One hundred and ninety-six head of our neighbors, which we take to pasture. For over a week past we have enjoyed the presence of the Lebanon Ministry accompanied by Sister Emma J. Neal; also Brother Francis Pennybaker, of Pleasant Hill, Ky. They have been like angel visits to us. Tho far away our friends still remember us, and we them.

*Andrew Barrett.*

### East Canterbury, N. H.

March, 1898.

SEASON follows season, and we have only blessings to record. Home in heaven, and heaven in the home makes burdens light and yokes easy. Even in the illness of our beloved Editor, the "silver lining" turns our way, and we are permitted at this date to bridge the chasm lightly and send kind greetings across in behalf of all the readers of THE MANIFESTO from whom we have many anxious words in this connection.

The buzz of the saw is making music near by and busy hands and feet are moving in quest of the necessities of life, which we find indeed a standing necessity.

Winter term of school will come to a close on the 17th inst. and while the children chatter about it, the birds chime in from their nature studies in the tree-tops.

Beloved Elder Freeman White, of our North family valiantly made way through the drifts some days ago with brothers' help to the Sugar Camp, and is already collecting the sweets of his labor. How like the noble old monarchs of the forest seem such

loyal ones in Zion, always yielding profit and sweetness! May God's blessing be upon us and upon "the whole, whole world!"

*Jessie Evans.*

### IS THE OLD YEAR DEAD?

*By Nancy L. Rupe.*

THE old year is dead, is re-echoed around,  
Out of the calendar, out of the sound  
Of clamorous voices, of present events,  
Fulfilled the mission for which he was sent.

Gone, ever gone? Nay, his influence still  
Doth live in the present, and, live ever will;

Not one of those years since the great  
birth of time,

But live in some record which they've left  
behind.

O! man hast thou erred in an unguarded  
hour?

Abused and dishonored thy God-given  
power,

Made home desolate, crushed paternal  
hearts,

And trifled with time, as her days did de-  
part?

Then none need to tell thee the old year  
still lives,

Nor can his successor, with all that he  
gives,

Erase from thy soul the dark deeds of the  
past,

Or vanish from memory the lives thou  
didst blast!

Or hast thou been swift with a slanderous  
tongue?

The fame to deface of the aged or young?  
Or filled up thy coffers by cheating the  
poor,

Then none need to tell thee the old year's  
no more!

It haunteth thy pillow, it stingeth thy  
heart,

Thou may'st argue its absence, or bid it  
depart!

It will laugh at thy anguish, and mock at  
thy sorrow,

Will tell thee it liveth to-day and to-mor-  
row.

If imprisoned, some poor fallen mortal  
doth groan,

Thou mightest have rescued by act, word  
or tone,

The cup of intemperance to others did'st  
give,

Then none need tell thee the old year doth  
live.

Hast thou smoothed the rough pathway  
of some fallen one,

A boon of compassion on others bestowed?  
In sickness or sorrow a kind act or word,  
With grateful emotions thy heart's pulse  
been stirred?

Of thy great abundance did'st bountifully  
give?

Then thy heart respondeth, the old year  
doth live.

Thus live the past years, in the depth of  
the soul,

Thus writing their record as vast ages  
roll;

And each living soul will its own record  
keep.

In glory or shame, all will sow what  
they reap,

Then sigh not and say not the old year is  
dead,

Tho' its date from our calendar ever hath  
sped,

Thus thousands have ended, and millions  
will come,

Frail man but an atom, his race is soon  
run.

*Pleasant Hill, Ky.*

[Contributed by Eldress Anna E. Charles.]

### RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

IN looking over some old papers I found  
in a copy of the "Weekly Register," pub-  
lished Wednesday, July 31, 1816 a receipt  
for a lady's dress, and thinking the fashion  
would be just as charming to-day as  
eighty years ago, I venture to send it to  
your very interesting pamphlet.

"Let your earrings be attention, encir-  
cled by the pearls of refinement, the dia-  
monds of your necklace be truth, and the  
chain Christianity; your breastpin charity,  
ornamented with the pearls of gentleness;

your finger rings be affection, surrounded with diamonds of industry; your girdle be simplicity, with tassels of good humor; let your thickest garb be virtue, and your drapery politeness; let your shoes be wisdom, secured by the buckles of perseverance."

It seems such a dainty conceit that I thought the readers of your pages might enjoy it too.—*Selected.*

---

IF WE KNEW.

COULD we but draw back the curtains

That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,

Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,

Purer than we judge we should;  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,

See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we loathe the sin.

Could we know the powers working,  
To overthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,

Knew the effort all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment—  
Understood the loss and gain—

Would the grim external roughness  
Seem, I wonder, just the same?  
Should we help where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force;

Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source.

Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good.

Oh! we'd love each other better  
If we only understood.—*New Orleans  
Picayune.*

---

HE commands enough who obeys a wise man.

TWINE.

FEW persons have an idea of the enormous consumption of twine in this country. One of the greatest demands for the article comes from the farmers, who consume thirty-five thousand tons annually upon the self-binding harvesters. Allowing five pounds to the mile, this would be equal to a string long enough to go more than six times round the earth. It takes a length of about three feet of twine to tie a bundle of straw. The farmer sits on his machine, drives alone through his grain field, and without any assistance cuts, bundles, and ties twelve acres of wheat grain per day.

The twine used on the self-binder is generally made either of Sisal or Manila hemp. The Sisal is the cheaper material, but it is not so strong or durable as the Manila. In some twines a mixture of the two is employed. For binder purposes, the twine should have sixteen turns to the foot, and a length of three feet would have a breaking strength of not less than seventy pounds. The twine must be carefully made, free from swells or knots, or it will not run smoothly through the knotting device of the binder. The average consumption of twine on a binder harvester is two pounds per acre. About twelve hundred feet of twine per acre are required. It costs the farmer about twenty-five cents an acre for his twine.

The Manila hemp makes much the better twine, being stronger, smoother, and more durable. The raw material costs more, and its twine sells for more than Sisal hemp, but the Manila twine goes further, and is actually cheaper in use for the farmer; but this fact, however, is not appreciated by him; and he sticks to the Sisal twine because offered a little less per pound than the better article of Manila. Then, again, the Sisal twine breaks much oftener while running through the binder than the Manila. At every break the farmer must stop his machine, and spend ten or fifteen minutes to fix up. He never thinks of charging his lost time

against his poor twine. As long as he gets it for a cent or two less than the better article, he is perfectly satisfied, no matter if it does bother him.—*Scientific American*.

[Contributed by Mary Johnston.]

#### FRIENDSHIP.

If there's one thing more than others  
That emotion always sends  
To a tired and weary wanderer,  
'Tis the memory of his friends.  
Time may drift him seaward ever,  
Tide may waft his bark away,  
Homeward turns his better nature,  
To his friends he longs to say,  
Words that burn within his bosom,  
Thoughts that daily, hourly come  
Of life, a friendship oft remembered  
In the sacred ties of home.  
Genius may give power and plenty,  
Fit us for important ends,  
But the drive-wheel of promotion  
Is the recommend of friends.  
As the magnet of the compass  
Turns the needle to the pole,  
So the heart of friendship ever  
Nerves the impulse of the soul;  
Sends the warmest, richest feeling  
Through the heart, tho sad or gay,  
Wakens in our inmost nature  
Thoughts that live beyond to-day.  
What are riches, power and plenty,  
If to gain them all depends  
On the risk of health or honor  
Ever absent from our friends?  
Often tender words have fallen  
On a heart all worn and weak,  
Driving back the tide of sorrow,  
Waking thoughts that none can speak.  
And our thoughts will span the prairie,  
Or e'en fly beyond the sea,  
Touching tender chords of friendship,  
Keeping silent company.  
Then be brave and own your friendship,  
Press the hand of friends you see.  
One good word or act of kindness  
Vibrates through eternity.

*Harbinger of Light.*

#### CARELESSNESS—FORGETFULNESS.

THE usual excuse of a child for neglect of duty is "I forgot." This may be true, and yet not be an adequate excuse, for it is a part of one's duty not to forget to do it. Carelessness and forgetfulness are grave faults in children, which ought to be corrected lest they grow into habits. They are grave faults because they represent a selfish disposition, heedless of the wishes of those who have a right to direct, and one so absorbed in selfish thoughts and aims that all other things are forgotten. The child forgets to perform some allotted task because he is at play and his mind is concentrated upon his pleasures. He is careless about his manner of doing work because he is thinking of something else and anxious only to be released. His faults in this respect, tho they may be trivial in themselves, have within them the seeds of a character dominated by self. The child whose selfishness renders him careless or indifferent acquires a bad reputation. It is in the interest of the child to prevent the formation of such habits which may be regarded as, at first, alternately the results of selfishness and a potent force for the development of selfishness. Discipline of some kind should be employed to admonish the child that he must remember what he has been told to do and must do his work well, as otherwise he will be thinking all the time of his own plans of enjoyment, and grow up not only careless and forgetful, but selfish.

—*Selected.*

#### Deaths.

Ann Maria Angus at West Pittsfield, Mass. Jan. 31, 1898. Age 68 years 7 mo. 12 days.

Sister Maria came to this Society when eight years of age, and is the last representative of the Angus family, that were so numerous here forty years ago. I. R. L.

## Books & Papers.

All will be interested to read *THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH* for March. Several character sketches ranging from the devotional mind and benevolent bearing of Rev. Geo. Hanson to the suggestive phrenotypes of some of our unfortunate criminal brothers—lead the minds of intelligent readers into channels of profitable thought.

The bicyclist is informed "that as long as he can breathe freely with the mouth closed, he is safe, at least so far as heart strain is concerned." Read all about the children, concerning whom much excellent advice is given.

In fact, there is something for every age and class in this well freighted magazine.

Fowler & Wells Co. 27 East 21st St. New York.

*THE JOURNAL OF HYGEO-THERAPY* always has something educational for the public. The Feb. No. is by no means an exception. *The Science of Life*, by Dr. Gifford; directs attention to rheumatism, so widely prevalent these days. The Influence of Food upon Character, by T. R. Allison, should be read by vegetarians and particularly by all others. Parents and instructors of the young will find pertinent suggestions in the excellent article by E. C. Smith entitled Shall our Children become Drunkards? Only 10 cts. a copy.

Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

The wide range of the circulations of American magazines and the manner in which they penetrate the farthest points of the earth found new evidence last week, when a single list of five hundred subscriptions to *The Ladies' Home Journal* was received by that magazine from Bulgaria, the list being headed by the name of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Maria Louise. George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, said that he found this magazine in homes in the steppes of Siberia, while Peary met with it in Greenland. It is an interesting fact that *The Ladies' Home Journal* has subscriptions in fifty-nine of the sixty-five generally accepted civilized nations of the earth. During the single month of December last, for instance, it received subscriptions from Syria, Japan, Uruguay, Turkey, Congo Free State, Transvaal, Liberia, Natal, Sierra Leone, Zululand, Bavaria, Bahamas, Burmah, Brazil, Bohemia, Canary Islands, Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Chili, China, Egypt, Cuba, Fiji Islands, Germany, Hawaii, Madras Presidency, Hungary, Korea, Java, Straits Settlements, Malaysia, Siam, Samoa, Palestine, Peru, Portugal, Tasmania, and the Danish West Indies.

The American Boys' League is a new organization, combining the good features of the Chautauqua Circles with those of the Young People's Societies, besides a philanthropic department intended to aid neglected, home-

less and wandering boys. Its work, except in the philanthropic department, is confined to boys between the ages of 12 and 21 years. These may become members by signing the following pledge:

### BOYS' LEAGUE PLEDGE.

Believing that the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks and indulgence in profanity, gambling in any form, and licentiousness (including all impure acts, thoughts and language) are all hinderances to my success in life, as well as sins against my Creator, I do of my own free-will, declare that I will constantly try to keep entirely free from all these habits. And, further, it shall be my constant effort to secure a better education, to save a part of my earnings, to keep entirely free from debt, to preserve my health and strength to be always manly and honorable, to maintain our country's honor and integrity, to uplift the lowly and to teach others these principles.

And fully believing that whatever my surroundings may be, I may still, by my own efforts, improve my condition, I take for my constant and life-long inspiration the motto, "Self-Help."

The School is heartily endorsed by the Ministerial Alliance of Denver. Ralph Field, its founder and present Superintendent, is the General Superintendent of the League. The official organ for this great work is a handsomely printed weekly, called *BRIGHTSIDE*, published at Denver. It is bright, crisp and handsomely illustrated with half-tone engravings of pupils of the School, and is issued for \$1.00 a year.

Among the many attractive features of *The Outlook's* Magazine Number for March may be mentioned An elaborately illustrated article on "The Background of Wordsworth's Poetry," by Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, with ten fine illustrations; another installment of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," which grows in interest monthly, and this month has some unusually interesting, heretofore unpublished anecdotes and chat about Boston in the "forties," and Lowell's social relations while he was at Harvard—the whole illustrated by many portraits and other pictures; an article by James R. Sheffield, ex-President of the New York Board of Fire Commissioners, on the New York Fireman, with illustrations especially drawn by Mr. Chas. T. Hill; a thoroughly readable paper by Madame Blanc (Th. Benson) on "French Girls in Domestic Life," with a portrait and short sketch of the author; a short story by Mary Tracy Earle; another of Dr. Lyman Abbott's series of articles on Paul, which are being widely commented upon; and a personal sketch of the late Frances E. Willard, by Lady Henry Somerset, illustrated. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Co., 287 Fourth Ave., New York.)

Bicyclists everywhere will be interested in the article on the League of American Wheelmen which appears in the April number of *FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY*. It is a well-written account of this great organization from its beginning in 1880, told by A. Cressy Morrison, who, until the recent election, was the first vice-president of the League. There are more than twenty very good illustrations, including portraits and

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## THE MANIFESTO.

groups of wheelmen. In the same number Senator James H. Kyle has an article on "The Statesmen of Jackson's Period," being the sixth paper in this magazine's series on Andrew Jackson. This also is profusely illustrated. The island of Martinique is interestingly described by Julius G. Tucker, U. S. Consul at that place.

William Stevens Perry, Bishop of Iowa, contributes an elaborately illustrated article on the Episcopal Church in this country. The great interest displayed in the Alaska gold fields makes particularly timely and attractive the paper on Gold Mining in British Columbia, which treats the subject from a geological as well as practical standpoint. Other interesting articles are The Coastguard of England, At the Foot of the Pyrenees, by Mary de Morgan, and April Fool's Day. There are some excellent short stories, a striking installment of the new serial, Marie Tremaine, an illustrated Easter poem, some fiction for the young people, and a talk about new books.—*Frank Leslie's Pub. House, New York.*

**THE ANTI-TOBACCO CRUSADE.** By H. L. Hastings, is a vigorous factor, aiming at the destruction of a villainy. The writer has the sympathy and hearty good-will of all interested in moral and physical reform. Every paragraph in this 24 p. No. is a sermon in itself. Secure a copy and see if you do not agree with us. Single copy, 10 cts.; per doz. 75 cts.; per 100, \$3.00; per 500, \$10.00. 50 cts. a year. 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

The Feb. issue of HUMANITY presents A New Version of the Story of the Golden Calf, then follow Harmony; A Word about Charity, and others—no doubt just what will interest the reader. Price 50 cts. a year.

David B. Page, Ed. Kansas City, Mo.

**FAIRY GOLD** is the title of a new novel by Christian Reid, published by THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana. It is an admirable story and ought to be of special interest to young people. It has a lesson of much value which it will be sure to carry to all its readers, and will bring a truer outlook over the great things of social life, which are apt to be regarded as small and trifling by thoughtless youth. Certainly it is a very real story. The book is neatly bound and in every way very attractive. Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana. Price \$1.00.

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